SHAKESPEARE, TOLSTOI, FUNSTON IN THE WEEK'S BOOK OUTPUT

Mr. William Winter's "Shakespeare on the Stage" Is a Rare Treat

Avoiding Tedious Recitals, He Goes Straight to Heart of the Subject, Devoting His Attention Largely to the Great Roles.

DISPROVES "SHAKESPEARE SPELLS RUIN" IDEA

BY JAMES L. FORD.

WILLIAM WINTER

I spent nearly all of yesterday afternoon and evening with old Shakespearean actors in the vanished atmosphere of the best stage traditions of our country, and as I walk Broadway to-day I feel that I was in rare good company.

In "Shakespeare on the Stage" (Moffat, Yard & Co.) Mr. William Winter recites the history of each one of the great Shakespearean plays in which so many actors have found fame and fortune. Avoiding the tedious recitals with which so many so-called Shakespearean scholars add to the stupidity of their writings, Mr. Winter goes straight to the heart of his subject by devoting his attention largely to the great Shakespearean rôles — Othello, Hamlet, Richard III., Macbeth and Henry VIII. He deals principally with actors whom the older generation of to-day can remember, but he has unearthed a great many interesting facts about Garrick, Kemble, Mrs. Siddons and others of even remoter past. He has studied his subject well during a long lifetime devoted to scholarly consideration of the drama and he writes with all the charm of the fine literary school of which he is the last survivor in this country.

Mr. Winter takes for the text of his first chapter the famous saying, "Shakespeare spells ruin," which he attributes to Frederick Balsir Chatterton, who produced "Antony and Cleopatra" at the Drury Lane Theatre in 1873 with results disastrous to himself. In denying the truth of the embittered manager's declaration Mr. Winter says with much wisdom:—"Incessant representation of Shakespeare's plays, indeed, never has been, is not, and never will be, financially advantageous or in any way desirable. Excess is tiresome, and an excess of Shakespeare would be inexpressibly tedious, especially to those persons who are constrained to pass the greater part of their lives in attending plays." Nevertheless, he maintains that the Shakespearean plays are the best that the English speaking race possesses, and, properly presented, not only please the judicious few but also make money.

In support of this conclusion Mr. Winter compares the profits of such remarkable money makers as "Rip Van Winkle," "The Old Homestead" and "The Music Master" with those of the Shakespearean drama, estimating, for example, that "The Merchant of Venice" has played to the enormous sum of $35,000,000 since it was first given to the world, three centuries and more ago.

It will be seen that Mr. Winter has too thorough a knowledge of the stage not to appreciate the value of the box office as a standard by which the enduring worth of a drama may, to a certain extent, be estimated, a fact which I commend to the attention of various modern "high brows."

He ascribes the enormous popularity of "The Merchant of Venice" partly to "the fascinating charm of its style, the simple, direct, fluent, sweet natural language of human feeling, sometimes irradiated with the fire of poetic thought, and sometimes expanded and elevated with the fervor of noble eloquence." Its decisive power, however, he attributes to "the felicity of its fable, and the force, interest and variety of its happily harmonized and its happily contrasted characters." Furthermore he quotes from the learned Henry Hallam, who said:—"In the management of the plot, which is sufficiently complex, without the slightest confusion or incoherence, I do not conceive that it has been surpassed in the annals of any theatre."

Mr. Winter deals with the many actors who have played Shylock, from Richard Burbage, who was the first interpreter of the part, down to Edward H. Sothern and Nat Goodwin. It is made evident that he regards the character as a consistently sinister one, and resents the attempts made by many actors to present a man of vengeance rather than of mean revenge, one actuated by a desire to avenge the insults to his race, which, if I remember aright, was a salient note in Mr. Irving's performance. According to Mr. Winter, however, the passing of time brought with it a radical change in Mr. Irving's impersonation, "till at last, without entire abandonment of a purpose and power to awaken sympathy, it became the true Shylock of Shakespeare, hard, merciless, inexorable, terrible."

"Salvini," he says, "expressed the workings of the passion of jealousy in the scene of Iago's treacherous beguilement of Othello, as I earnestly hope never to see them expressed again, but it was the jealousy of an infuriated brute, not that of a noble, generous, tender, loving man, which is the jealousy of Othello. The English ideal is much the better, because the true one."

Old playgoers will read with interest this distinguished critic's summing up of the various Hamlets seen here in recent years. Forrest he regards as completely unsuited to the part because of his temperamental and physical unfitness. "The moment he was seen in that character all possibility of any illusion of poetry, pathos, tenderness and grace was forestalled." E. L. Davenport he pronounces "one of those rare and charming actors who obey the precept of Shakespeare, and in a whirlwind of passion use all with gentleness, not overstepping the modesty of nature. Sincerity, delicacy, grace and fine intelligence pervaded all his impersonations." Edwin Booth, he says, "possessed the princely mind, the gloomy temperament, the introspective propensity, the contemplative disposition, the moody manner, and the slender, nervous physique that are appropriate to the character of Hamlet. No actor of the many years known to me has more completely entered into and expressed the soul of Hamlet than he did. His only peer in the acting of the part was Henry Irving, and in the elocution he had no peer." Of John McCullough he says that "he never freed himself from the influence of Forrest. The spirit of the performance was mournful, the form distinct, the method robust and confident. The only conspicuously novel attribute of it was absence of ornamentation such as had been and continues to be customary; it was severely simple and therein exquisite." Of Irving he says "his personation cannot readily be described. It was compact of imagination and feeling, and it was wildly and strangely beautiful. The condition, at first, was that of enforced calm; the aspect perplexed, dejected, forlorn; the manner that of natural courtesy, innate nobility, exquisite elegance."

Mr. Winter dismisses with contempt the various feminine Hamlets with whom the annals of the stage are punctuated, saying:—"It was a bad day for the 'glass of fashion' when some misguided essayist began to call Hamlet 'feminine' and the ladies heard of it." Madame Bernhardt, he says, "gave a performance well calculated to commend itself to persons interested in the study of freaks. Hamlet has been roughly handled on the stage, but a long remembrance of his sufferings does not recall a time when he was more effectively crucified than he is in the French play and was by the French actress."

In the preparation of these extremely interesting papers Mr. Winter has rendered a distinct service to all thoughtful students of the stage. He is the only man now living who could have written them and the result is a book that deserves to be treasured as an authoritative treatise on the art of acting as well as a recital of the histrionic triumphs of the past.

EDWIN BOOTH AS SHYLOCK

SHAKESPEARE ON THE STAGE, BY WILLIAM WINTER. PUBLISHED BY MOFFAT YARD AND COMPANY.

JOHN McCULLOUGH AS OTHELLO.

SHAKESPEARE ON THE STAGE, BY WILLIAM WINTER. PUBLISHED BY MOFFAT YARD AND COMPANY.

HENRY IRVING AS SHYLOCK.

SHAKESPEARE ON THE STAGE, BY WILLIAM WINTER. PUBLISHED BY MOFFAT YARD AND COMPANY.

General Funston's Memories as Interesting as a Novel

There is that in the somewhat meteoric career of Frederick Funston, Brigadier General, U. S. A., that is characteristic of all that is best in army life in the United States. His rise, from no military training, through a course of filibustering and service with the insurgent Cubans prior to the Spanish-American War just for the mere joy of lift at a high tension and for a seeking after adventure, contains much of that romantic spirit which is so typically American. And while among other peoples may be found souls as adventurous and opportunities as startling as those that came to General Funston, the American soldier's position is unique in that his American training makes it possible for him, when the lull of adventure comes, to sit down and write a book that for its intrinsic qualities alone is sure to be widely read by the American people. In his "Memories of Two Wars" (Scribner's) General Funston tells of his varied Cuban and Philippines experiences. Part of this record, some four chapters, was published some time ago in Scribner's Magazine, but even these chapters have been rewritten and expanded, so that they are practically new. Let it be understood, right at the outset, that General Funston's book is no prosy old soldier's account of strategy or tactics; it is not even a history of the two small wars with which it deals. It is, first and last, and frankly, an adventure story, told by a man with a saving grace of humor, a man who has done things and done them well; has reaped his reward in well deserved promotion, and is now inclined to look back on it all as jolly good fun, rather than to be puffed up about it. Frederick Funston was in Madison Square Garden in 1896 when the Cuban Fair was in progress. There he heard General Daniel Sickles, one of the best friends of the Cubans, make a speech urging that the Cubans should be helped, and the speech so moved the young man from Kansas that he proceeded next day to hunt up the Cuban Junta, at No. 56 New street, and offer his services. It took a little red tape and a letter from General Sickles, but at last the young adventurer was taken on and made a lieutenant in the Cuban army under General Gomez. Up to this time Funston knew nothing military except what he had read in books, but before he left New York he had a chance to study the working of Hotchkiss twelve pounders, and so he was made an artillery officer, and all through the Cuban war did some striking work with such material as he had. His account of Cascorra, the first Cuban siege; of the fall of Guaimaro, the battle of Jiguani and others are marvellously interesting; thrilling with the heat and clash of real battle. And that these were real battles—fought before the Spanish War—may be judged from the fact that during this war not quite fifty-four thousand Cubans in three years of war had more battle fatalities than the several hundred thousand Americans who fought in the four wars, of 1812, the Mexican War, the Spanish War and the Philippine insurrection.

GENERAL FREDERICK FUNSTON, U. S. A.

After the Spanish War General Funston was sent to the Philippines, where he had more stirring adventures, winding up with his most brilliant exploit, the capture of Aguinaldo, which practically ended the war. About his own part in the exploits of both the Cuban and the Philippine wars General Funston writes with that becoming modesty that is characteristic of the real soldier who has honestly accomplished things. His chapter on the capture of Aguinaldo is especially interesting historically, as in it he answers the objections of certain carpet critics, who think that in entering the armed camp of the rebel chief he violated military ethics. Here the question is set at rest, one hopes for all time to come. It is interesting to note, as showing the strange turns taken by the wheel of fortune, that this volume was written by General Funston in his quarters in Manila, in the very house which was once the home of that General Weyler who was the commander in chief of the Spanish forces in Cuba. It has been long since a more interesting or informative volume of military memoirs has come from the press. The book has many striking illustrations by F. C. Yohn.

Just now, when the economic and political position of women is claiming attention everywhere, it is particularly interesting to read what Ferrero has to say, teresting to read what Ferrero has to say born Roman woman, and the contrast which her social position presents compared to that of her Greek contemporary, who, for example, only accepted invitations among families to whom she was related, while the Roman lady often dined out with her husband. The latter also enjoyed considerable economic independence; she went out freely, and, the historian says, there is good reason to believe that under the republic there existed at Rome a kind of woman's club to which the ladies of the great families resorted.

Volume 12 of the Catholic Encyclopedia contains a great deal of information that will be interesting to laymen as well as clerics. One of the principal articles in this volume is a fair and accurate statement of the history and distinctive principles of Presbyterianism by J. A. McHugh. Another article, which will also appeal to non-Catholics, is Professor Umberto Benigni's six column summary of the pontificate of Pius X. from the time of his coronation in 1903 down to the present day. Still another article of wide interest is the comprehensive treatise on Poland, its geography, political and ecclesiastical history and religious orders. Thomas F. Woodlock has prepared a very interesting short sketch of the life and work of Francis Sylvester Mahony, who wrote under the name of Father Prout, and is best known to American readers through his "Bells of Shandon." Although Father Prout did not, during his later years, exercise his priestly functions, he never ceased to be a Catholic, and, according to his biographer, "recited his office daily and received the last sacraments at the hands of his old friend Abbe Rogerson, who has left abundant testimony of his excellent disposition." Other themes of general interest in this volume are Puerto Rico, the Care of the Poor and brief biographical sketches of Casimir Pulaski, Alexander Pope, Adelaide Proctor and many others of the Catholic faith.

"The Little Green Gate," by Stella Callaghan (Putnam), contains a surprise for the seasoned novel reader in its ending, though not in its plot. The story is an old one, but agreeably told, and with a sort of outdoor freshness and love for growing things that make it pleasant reading. A somewhat cynical Londoner has drifted into an engagement with a pretty but shallow girl, only to meet the one woman he can love when it is too late. He is about to break off his engagement when misfortune overtakes his fiancée, and she turns to him for help and comfort. He cannot bring himself to forsake the girl to whom he is in honor bound, especially when she is in trouble, and after a last interview with the woman he loves they part. It is so seldom that novelists recognize even the existence of anything but the heroine's "right to be happy" that the behavior of these two lovers comes with the force of novelty.

If the modern child be self-possessed and capable in real life, he is even more so in fiction, the boys and girls of whom we read in these days being such marvels of resource, judgment and ability as to suggest the wisdom of allowing them to conduct the business of life without assistance from the more fallible grown-ups. "The Daring Twins," by L. Frank Baum (Reilly & Britton), is the story of five penniless orphans of whom the twins are the oldest. Phil and Phoebe are full of energy and resource, and, with the aid of Cousin Judith, who comes to live with them, they get the family upon its legs. Phil gets a job in a bank, where he soon discovers that the banker's son, who has been made bookkeeper, is tampering with the books. This young man arranges a plan by which Phil will be suspected when the defalcation becomes known, but the plot is defeated by an elaborate scheme of Phoebe's. The climax of the book, however, is Phoebe's discovery of the villainy of her grandfather's housekeeper and her triumphant outwitting of the old woman. The book is rather absurd from a literary point of view. There are a couple of priggish youngsters supposed to be typical Boston children, but entirely unlike anything in real life, while the other young people are singularly unreal. Such books make us sigh for stories like those of Miss Yonge and Mrs. Ewing, in which children are real children, though shockingly subject to their elders and quite incapable of conducting their own affairs to a successful issue.

The question of public playgrounds is felt nowadays to be of such great importance that a book like "Playground Technique and Playcraft," by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Leland (Baker & Taylor Company), is as valuable as it is opportune. Its chief function is to "provide accurate information along every line for the playground worker and supporter" and its secondary use is to give plans and specifications for the construction of all kinds of playground apparatus, showing how to do the thing as economically as possible. Under such headings as "The Philosophy of Play and Its Application," "Playground Constructions" and "The Technique of Constructive Play" the subject is pretty thoroughly treated and those who are interested in this most useful and practical civic work will find the book a mine of information. There are articles by such varying authorities as Judge Lindsay, of Denver; Myron T. Scudder, headmaster of Rutgers Preparatory School, and Dr. Charles A. Eastman, an authority on Indian education. There is an article on the recreation parks of Chicago which should convey a lesson to every New Yorker, and the book is profusely illustrated with views and plans. It should be in the hands of every one interested in the movement.

BOOK BY CHINESE WOMAN

"Two Years in the Forbidden City," by Princess Der Ling (Moffat, Yard & Co.) is an account of life in the Chinese Court by one who had excellent opportunities for seeing it, the author being a daughter of Lord Yu Keng, one of the most progressive of the Manchu officials. Her early education was obtained in a missionary school, and later she attended a convent in France. On her return to China she was appointed first lady in waiting to the Dowager Empress, with whom she became a great favorite. Her connection with the Court was terminated by her engagement to Mr. Thaddeus White, but she has recorded in this book some of her experiences and her impressions of the extraordinary woman who ruled China for so long. The picture of the Empress represents a hard featured, elderly woman, magnificently dressed, seated on a throne and looking not unlike a New Englander, in spite of her Oriental surroundings. There is an interesting account of the painting of the Empress' portrait by Miss Carl, of the Empress' surprise and dissatisfaction at the time necessary to complete it and her inability to understand the principles of light and shade. She much preferred the photograph taken by the Princess Der Ling's brother. The Empress was fond of writing plays, which she adapted from religious books and fairy tales and staged herself with great cleverness. The book is interesting, though it cannot be said to throw much light upon the Oriental habit of thought, in spite of the writer's Western education and consequent apparent fitness for the post of interpreter.

THE PRINCESS DER LING AUTHOR OF "TWO YEARS IN THE FORBIDDEN CITY." MOFFAT, YARD AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS.

"Judgments in Vacation" is the taking title of a book of essays by Judge Edward Parry, which has recently been published by Smith, Elder & Co., and of which the London Westminster Gazette approves:—"The definitive qualities of jurisprudence have not so often found so agreeable an exponent as the author of these graceful, good natured essays. They are, most of them, in the nature of rulings, and even when one feels that the rulings ought to be quashed they have always a charm of phrase too affable to be sententious or to show cause for appeal. Judge Parry's interest in ephemeral drama is well known, of course, as well as are his views on the law of imprisonment for debt. Speaking of the actor and his profession he points out that 'the only real test of merit is the judgment of the box office, and that, therefore, an actor is bound to play to a box office and succeed with a box office if he wants to continue to be an actor.'"

To many thinking persons who have realized, even dimly, that there is room for improvement in the conduct of social affairs to which nineteen centuries of Christian civilization has brought us, the doctrines and philosophical writings of Count Tolstoy have been helpful in only a minor degree. The faith which this distinguished Russian held and enunciated, and which he so bravely lived, cannot be ignored. If it has, in its influence on the world, fallen short of what its expounder intended or hoped, it may very well be because there was too much of it; too confused; too abstract, except for the more advanced thinkers along socialistic lines. There was so much in the dynamic, not to say revolutionary, doctrines of Count Tolstoy that is worth saving for the world that it might have been a great boon had there arisen an inspired interpreter who could simplify and make concrete the lessons Tolstoy would have us learn. But we are far from feeling sure that a writer of the temperament and sociological history of Mr. Bolton Hall can hope to do much in the way of popularizing Tolstoy as he has attempted to do in "What Tolstoy Taught" (B. W. Huebsch, New York). Mr. Hall admits there is much in Tolstoy's writing that he cannot agree with, which admission robs him at once of the right to be considered a sympathetic interpreter of the Russian master. It is very plain that Mr. Hall is an ardent advocate of the single tax theories of the late Henry George, and he tries to show that Tolstoy was a convert to this theory. He also apologizes for Tolstoy that, being a land owner, he did not put the George theories into actual practice. For the rest the book is largely made up of the excerpts from Tolstoy's published works and speeches, and so far, of course, it is a useful enough volume. Here, in condensed form, the reader will find many of Tolstoy's most important utterances on religion, teaching, social ethics and art. Where Tolstoy speaks through these pages the book is decidedly well worth while, whether one agrees with his pronunciamentos or not. Where Mr. Bolton Hall interjects his personality the volume is less strong, a trifle apologetic and hardly worth while.

The press of Messrs. William F. Sametz & Co., New York, has recently issued an extremely interesting and modest work on "Equinoctial Storms" and "The Development of the Marine Barometer," by Mr. John H. Morrison, widely known as author of a "History of American Steam Navigation," and also a "History of New York Shipyards." In the little volume before us Mr. Morrison dwells principally upon the invention and early uses of the barometer and also the gradual application of "the glass" to nautical purposes, followed by its general introduction into all the naval and merchant marine services about sixty years ago. He points out that in 1852 Lieutenant M. F. Maury, U. S. N., suggested to Great Britain the making of meteorological observations over the ocean, and invited co-operation of the world's naval and commercial marines in the work of uniform and systematic observations at sea for studying the oceanic winds and currents, which so deeply concern all navigators. That suggestion was adopted and eventuated in the famous marine conference of 1853 (convened at Brussels), which recommended that daily records of the barometer's changes should be kept on board of all seagoing vessels and should be made available for researches in ocean meterology. The good results of this recommendation were soon realized. All the great maritime nations gladly adopted the Brussels conference scheme, which proved of immense advantage in the improvement of navigation and the advancement of the mariner's knowledge and presence of the storms and hurricanes that assail his ship when crossing the ocean, as well as in greatly enriching the science of the grand or general motions of the atmosphere around the globe which produce ultimately all the varied phases of weather perpetually recurring both on the land and the sea. As the barometer registers the varying atmospheric pressures caused by these general motions of the atmosphere and their consequent effects, it becomes as important an instrument for meteorological science as the telescope was for astronomy.

If one may judge by its first volume, "The Logs of the Serapis, the Alliance and the Ariel, Under the Command of John Paul Jones, 1779-1780," the performance of the Naval History Society is quite as good as its promise. This new organization is composed of navy officers and civilians interested in the collection and preservation of material bearing on the growth of the American Navy and Merchant Marine. Contrary to general belief, documents concerned with our naval annals and journals and letters relating to our early sea history, to the surroundings and experience of seamen in general, and particularly to those of the United States Navy, are abundant and it is the broad purpose of the society to collect and through publication make them available for our people. The log book of the three noted vessels, embodied in the volume just issued, is one of the few relics known to exist of the famous engagement between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis, as most of the records of the two vessels were lost, either when the American vessel sank after the fight off Flamborough Head or during the confusion that followed the capture of the Serapis. The volume contains the muster rolls and logs of the vessels named and the journals of officers, together with an account of "Some Remarkable Occurrences That Happened on the Twenty-third Day of September, 1779, Relative to the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis, Commanded by Richard Pearson, Esq." This last is really the official story of the action between the two ships and has a quaint directness and breeziness that will make a strong appeal to all interested in the inside, plain and unvarnished tale of this memorable sea fight. The volume was edited by the first president of the Naval History Society, the late Captain John S. Barnes, who, after graduation from the Naval Academy, served with distinction in the navy, and after his resignation at the close of the civil war became widely known as the most industrious and successful collector of naval Americana. Captain Barnes was by temperament, knowledge and sympathy particularly qualified for this duty of editing, and his illuminatory comment in preface and notes will serve to intensify the loss so generally expressed at his death a few weeks ago. The "Logs" are embellished with a portrait of Paul Jones, with three facsimiles of official entries made in these sea records and with a stirring engraving of the historic sea fight.

English Reviews of Recent Books

In a comprehensive notice of Mr. E. T. Cook's "Life of Ruskin" (Allen), the London Saturday Review gives a paragraph to the tragedy of the last years of the man whom Tolstoy estimated as the greatest Englishman of his time. "Of those long closing years of his life, tended though they were by the loving care of his friends, it is not possible to read without profound emotion. In the range of literature is there anything more pathetic than the loving, tremulous little letter of eight lines writen to his aged friend, Miss Susan Beaver, on her deathbed in 1893, which it 'took him three hours to fashion?' or, again, than this record, when, five years later, on the death of Gladstone, in 1898, he wanted to write to Mrs. Drew, he sat an hour or more pen in hand but could get no further than the words:—'Dear Mary; I am grieved at the death of your father'—and no more would come to him who was a fountain of divine words once. Indeed it is not possible to transcribe these sentences with undimmed eyes and a steady hand."

A book that probably will find many readers in England is "The Wayside," by "Andrul" (Hodder & Stoughton), concerning which the London Spectator says:—"This is a collection of stories about the many classes of people who make up the native population of India. They are written with great insight into the way in which the native mind works, and the study of Galzari Lal Misr, B. A., gives ground for reflection to all people who are anxious for the maintenance of British supremacy in the Indian Empire. Almost all the sketches are in some way sad or terrible to the eyes of the English reader, but they are attractive reading for all that. The circumstances of the story called 'The Passing of Janki,' which are guaranteed to be true by the author, might well be inquired into by the government of India."

Among recent books of travel is Mr. Stephen Graham's "Undiscovered Russia" (Lane), of which the London Literary World says:—"It is a panegyric on the Russia that never grows older, the Russia of the remote peasantry, where the West is despised and where life never changes. And he gives us a vivid picture; his book only fails when he attempts philosophy or turns aside to decry missionaries or to deprecate the services the exiles have rendered by telling us that the rest of the people, 'those even who have oppressed, are just as worthy of a place in the Russian harmony as the handful of average men and women who have had the good fortune to suffer for righteousness sake.' Good fortune, in a spiritual sense, perhaps, but not otherwise, surely. It is strange thus to refer to the horrors of prison life in Russia."

A book sure to interest the student of social conditions has just been published in England under the title of "One of the Multitude," by George Acorn (Heinemann). Its authenticity is vouched for in a preface by Mr. A. C. Benson, and it is an autobiographical account of a young workman who has risen from the unskilled class. The London Spectator says of it:—"The author was born in a poor street in the East End. His parents lived from hand to mouth. His mother was a hard working, hard hearted woman whom a hard life seems to have bereft of almost every feminine characteristic. No refining influence was brought to bear upon him in his home; yet, thanks to school mates and school libraries, 'happy evenings' and a settlement worker, he managed to get a taste for better things. He began to want books, to wish for cleanliness and to dream of an ordered and civilized life. The courtship which ended in his happy marriage is told very simply and leaves the reader wondering. Brought up in such surroundings, familiar from his childhood with every coarse and sordid scene, this man seems to have developed a love of work, a respect for women and a fear of God such as we should be glad to find in any more fortunate class of the community. Nothing so hopeful has been written for a long time."

The novel discussion has always had a charm for a certain class of readers, and it has apparently been revived by Mr. Arthur Rawson, who in "The Bosbury People" (Stephen Swift & Co.) has brought together under one roof a dozen people of as many different opinions on general subjects. The London Academy says of it:—"All these folk provide among them plenty of religion, worldly wisdom, love making, social satire and village humors. The story is perhaps slight, but it gives Mr. Rawson, who, by the way, is an octogenarian, full opportunity to show a cheerful and kindly yet thoughtful view of life. We cannot deny that to some minds his pages may seem to lack the quality or defect of excitement; but who can help admiring this gentleman, who in his old age sits down to the determined labor of fiction and calmly and easily expresses the wisdom of his long life in one of the most toilsome of literary forms?"

The English reviewers are not to be deluded by any arrogance on the part of American authors as exhibited in the titles to their stories. Of "Life," by W. B. Trites (Wyman), the London Literary World says:—"Mr. Trites is too ambitious in his choice of a title. The life of which he writes is confined to the strenuous Wall street climber and his associates. His habits of life have grown familiar to us and form the base on which rests many an American novel. With the history of Jerome S. McWade, the grocery clerk, who goes up by leaps and bounds, by cheating, lying and stealing, until he becomes a millionnaire, we are therefore quite at home. With Barbara, the shopgirl and theatrical star, Mr. Trites has not been as successful; she lacks individuality and is too plainly a man's conception of a woman."